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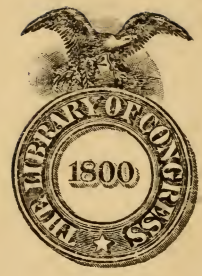
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NO. CCCXVII.

FRENCH'S STANDARD DRAMA.

The Acting Edition.

THE

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A PLAY, IN FIVE ACTS.

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

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(Catalogue continued on third page of cover.)

THE WINTER'S TALE.

A Play,

IN FIVE ACTS.

WRITTEN BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

WITH

ORIGINAL CASTS, COSTUMES, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS, CORRECTLY MARKED AND ARRANGED, BY MR. J. B. WRIGHT, ASSISTANT MANAGER OF THE BOSTON THEATRE.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Drury Lane, 1823.	*Covent Garden*, 1827.		*Burton's Theatre, New York*, 1851.
LEONTES, (King of Sicilia,)	Mr. Macready	Mr. Young	.....	Mr. J. Dyott
MAMILLIUS, (his Son,)	Master Carr	Miss Watson	.....	Master Parsloe
CAMILLO,	Mr. Thompson	Mr. Egerton	.....	Mr. H. O. Pardey
ANTIGONUS,	" Terry	" Bartley	.....	" H. W. Bland
CLEOMENES, (Sicilian Lords,)	" Penley	" Baker	.....	" H. Russell
DION,	" Mercer	" Horrebow	.....	" Levere
PHOCION,	" Younge	" Evans	.....	" Eytinge
THASIUS,	" Howell	" Mears	.....	" Frederics
POLIXENES, (King of Bohemia,)	" Archer	" Diddier	.....	" Holman
FLORIZEL, (his Son,)	" Wallack	" Raymond	.....	" C. Moorhouse
ARCHIDAMUS, (a Bohemian Lord,)	" Powell	" Fitzharris	.....	" Rea
OLD SHEPHERD, (reputed Father of Perdita,)	" Gattie	" Blanchard	.....	" Hamilton
CLOWN, (his Son,)	" Harley	" Keeley	.....	" W. E. Burton
NEATHERD,	.....	.....	.....	" M. W. Fisk
AUTOLYCUS, (a Rogue,)	" Munden	" Fawcett	.....	" John Dunn
TIME, (as Chorus,)	.....	.....	.....	.....
HERMIONE, (Queen to Leontes,)	Mrs. Bunn	Mrs. Faucit	.....	Mrs. Warner
PERDITA, (Daughter to Leontes and Hermione,)	Miss S. Booth	Miss Jarman	.....	Miss L. Weston
PAULINA, (Wife to Antigonus,)	Mrs. W. West	Mrs. Chatterley	.....	Mrs. Hughes
EMILIA,	" Knight	Miss Henry	.....	" Dyott
LAMIA, (Ladies attending the Queen,)	.....	.....	.....	" Fisk
HERO,	.....	.....	.....	" Gourley
MOPSA,	.....	.....	.....	" Holman
DORCAS, (Shepherdesses,)	Miss Cubitt	Miss Goward	.....	Miss M. Barton

12 Lords; 12 Ladies and Attendants; 12 Satyrs for a Dance; 12 Shepherds; 12 Shepherdesses; 24 Guards.

A lapse of sixteen years between the 3d and 4th Acts.

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	Howard Athenæum, Boston, 1851.	*Burton's Theatre, New York*, 1856.	*Burton's Theatre, New York*, 1857.	
LEONTES, (King of Sicilia,)	Mr. W. L. Ayling	Mr. H. A. Perry	Mr. J. W. Wallack	
MAMILLIUS, (his Son,)	Master Johnson	Miss Gourley	Miss Gourley	
CAMILLO, (Sicilian Lords,)	Mr. C. S. Davis	Mr. Bradley	Mr. Rainford	
ANTIGONUS, (Sicilian Lords,)	" Brand	" Rainford	" Mr. M. Smith	
CLEOMENES, (Sicilian Lords,)	" O. Marshall	" Russell	" Thorton	
DION, (Sicilian Lords,)	" Spencer	" Gardiner	" Howard	
PHOCION, (Sicilian Lords,)	" Gile	" Holman	" McRea	
THASIUS (Sicilian Lords,)	" Palmer	" Frederics	" Everett	
POLIXENES, (King of Bohemia,)	" W. H. Hamblin	" Leffingwell	" C. Fisher	
FLORIZEL, (his Son,)	" W. H. Meeker	" Mr. Reynolds	" Barrett	
ARCHIDAMUS, (a Bohemian Lord,)	" Wright	" Gourley	" Gourley	
OLD SHEPHERD, (reputed Father of Perdita,)	" Parsons	" J. Moore	" J. Moore	
CLOWN, (his Son,)	" H. Lewis	" D. Setchell	" D. Setchell	
NEATHERD,	" Adams	" Parsloe	" Bishop	
AUTOLYCUS, (a Rogue,)	" Mulholland	" W. E. Burton	" W. E. Burton	
TIME, (as Chorus,)		" H. Jordan	" Holman	
HERMIONE, (Queen to Leontes,)	Mrs. Warner	Mrs. A. Parker	Mrs. A. Parker	
PERDITA, (Daughter to Leontes and Hermione,)	" Ayling	Miss E. Thorne	Miss Sara Stevens	
PAULINA, (Wife to Antigonus,)	" Melinda Jones	Mrs. Hughes	Mrs. Hughes	
EMILIA, (Ladies attending the Queen,)	" Groves	Miss Florence	Miss Florence	
LAMIA, (Ladies attending the Queen,)		" Walton	" L. Marshall	
HERO, (Ladies attending the Queen,)		" Miller	" Miller	
MOPSA, (Shepherdesses,)	" Mrs. Marshall	Mrs. Holman	Mrs. Holman	
DORCAS, (Shepherdesses,)	Miss H. Chisholm	" Brelsford	Miss Polly Marshall	
12 Lords; 12 Ladies and Attendants; 12 Satyrs for a Dance; 12 Shepherds; 12 Shepherdesses; 24 Guards.	A lapse of sixteen years between the 3d and 4th Acts.			

SCENE — Sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION. — Three hours and a quarter.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY AND INCIDENTS

OF

THE WINTER'S TALE,

AS PRODUCED AT BURTON'S THEATRE, NEW YORK, 1857, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. W. E. BURTON, AIDED BY MR. JOHN MOORE, STAGE MANAGER.

ACT I.

Sicilia — Vestibule in a Sicilian Palace, with View of Mount Ætna — Pyrrhic Dance, by sixteen Grecian Youths, embodying many beautiful and graceful Tableaux.

ACT II.

The Queen's Boudoir, a Scene of Private Life amongst the Ancient Greeks. Scene 2d — A Prison in the Quarries of Syracuse, called the Ear of Dionysius.

ACT III.

Theatre at Syracuse, prepared for the Trial of Queen Hermione, with the rendering of the Oracle of Apollo — A correct and classic representation of the Administation of Justice in Ancient Greece — The Seashore during a Storm.

Sixteen years are supposed to elapse between the 3d and 4th Acts.

ACT IV.

Bohemia — A Classical Allegory, representing the Course of Time, accompanied by the Four Seasons, personified in character — The Revolving Globe, surmounted by Time, and arched by the Zodiacal Signs — The Goddess of Night and her Star Nymphs retreating before the Ascent of Phœbus in the Chariot of the Sun — A Road near the Shepherd's Farm — The Garden of Polixenes' Palace — A Pastoral Scene in Bohemia, wherein will be introduced a Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses at Sheep Shearing Festival — Great Satyr Orgie, by twelve Servants of the Farm.

ACT V.

Sicilia — The Peristyle of the Palace, with the Celebrated Statue Scene.

WINTER'S TALE.

COSTUMES.

Leontes. — *First Dress.* Purple velvet long shirt below calf, heavily trimmed with gold; purple velvet horseshoe robe, heavily trimmed with gold; flesh legs and sandals; plain gold coronet. — *Second Dress.* Black velvet dress, (same style as first,) trimmed with gold.

Polixenes. — *First Dress.* Amber velvet shirt, heavily trimmed with silver; green velvet robe, trimmed with silver; fleshings and white sandals; gold coronet. — *Second Dress.* Plain brown robe, to cover first dress. — (4th Act.) *Third Dress.* Same as first.

Florizel. — *First Dress.* Plain green short stuff shirt, trimmed with black; small brown stuff shoulder drapery; fleshings and black sandals. — *Second Dress.* White merino long shirt, trimmed with gold; sky-blue robe, heavily trimmed with gold, fleshings and blue sandals; gold coronet.

Mamillius. — White and gold shirt, trimmed with gold; scarlet robe, fleshings, and sandals; coronet and white satin ribbon.

Archidamus. — Olive brown long shirt, trimmed with gold; black velvet robe, fleshings, and black sandals; plain coronet.

Phocion. — Scarlet long shirt, and dark blue robe, trimmed with gold; fleshings and scarlet sandals; gold coronet.

Thasius. — Brown long shirt and black velvet robe, trimmed with gold; fleshings and black sandals; gold coronet.

Camillo. — *First Dress.* Slate-colored long shirt and violet robe, trimmed with silver; fleshings and sandals; gold coronet. — *Second Dress.* Plain brown short shirt; blue shoulder drapery. — *Third Dress.* Same as first.

Cleomenes,
Dion,
Courtiers, } Same as Phocion, (various colors.)

Old Shepherd. — Gray short shirt; brown shoulder drapery; fleshings and leather gaiters, and sandal cross-gartered to knee; white wig; black sandals. — *Second Dress.* Court dress, gaudy.

Clown. — Green short shirt; brown and black shoulder drapery; fleshings and leather gaiters, and sandal cross-gartered to knee; black sandals. — *Second Dress.* Gaudy court dress.

Autolycus. — Ragged short shirt and drapery of various colors; fleshings and leather gaiters, cross gartered; russet sandals. — *Second Dress.* Gaudy court dress, and large robe.

Senators. — Long shirts, (various colors;) handsomely trimmed fleshings and sandals; wigs and beards of various colors, from black to white.

Priests. — White gowns; gold belt, collar and cestus; gold bands for head; white draperies, hanging from head to feet at back.

Officers of Court. — Sky-blue shirt, trimmed with black velvet; black stuff shoulder drapery, trimmed with blue; flesh arms, legs, and black sandals.

Keeper of Prison. — Brown shirt; fleshings and sandals.

Mariner. — Brown shirt, red skull-cap, trimmed with fur; fleshings and sandals.

Shepherds. — Same as Old Shepherd; crooks.

Satyrs. — Flesh bodies; long hair goat-skin breeches; flesh legs; hoof shoes; wig and goats' horns; long beards; wreaths of flowers over shoulders; green oak wreath for head.

Time. — Mystic gray long shirt; ditto drapery; flesh body and legs; gray sandals, very bald long-haired gray wig and beard; hour-glass and scythe.

Grecian Guards. — Scarlet shirts; brass strap; armor breastplate; fleshings and sandals; brass greaves and brassarts; flesh bodies; brass Grecian-topped helmets; scarlet shoulder draperies; javelins and oval brass shields.

Sixteen Grecian Youths. — [Dance.] Short stuffed shirts, (various colors;) small shoulder draperies; flesh arms, legs, and sandals.

Pages to Leontes. — White merino shirts, trimmed with scarlet; small scarlet draperies; white ribbon round head; flesh arms and legs; red sandals.

Spring. — Green gauze fairy dress, trimmed with flowers; green leaf head-dress; fleshings and sandals; plain green wand and cowslip.

Summer. — White gauze fairy dress, trimmed with golden flowers; head-dress to match; fleshings and gold sandals; white wand, trimmed with roses and various flowers.

Autumn. — Yellow gauze fairy dress, trimmed with golden wheat, grapes, and grape leaf; head-dress to correspond; fleshings and brown sandals; wheat and grape-vine wand.

Winter. — Sombre slate gauze shirt, long sleeves, trimmed with frosty trimmings; garland of icicles round body; head-dress to correspond; leather gaiters; cross garters and sandals, covered with icicles, &c.; ragged staff and fire burning in front, with red medium to reflect on figure.

Neatherd. — Plain brown shirt; gaiters and sandals; fleshings.

Hermione. — *First Dress.* Salmon-colored French merino Greek dress; light blue robe, trimmed with gold lace and bullions; jewelled coronet; gold sandals; gold jewelled armlets and bracelets; armlet and bracelet kept together by a long chain. — *Second Dress.* White merino dress and lace veil. — *Third Dress.* Pale stone-colored French merino stockings, sandals, wig, and drapery, all to match in colors.

Paulina. — White merino, trimmed with gold; white merino drapery, trimmed; fleshings and scarlet sandals; bracelets; gold circlet. — *Second Dress.* Black merino dress and drapery; gold appointments.

Perdita. — White merino dress, trimmed with wreaths and festoons of wild flowers; wild flower head-dress; fleshings and sandals. — *Second Dress.* Handsome court dress, different color from the others.

Ladies. — Various colored merino dresses and draperies, handsomely trimmed; fleshings and sandals; bracelets and armlets; tiaras, fibulas, zones, and golden jewels.

Shepherdesses. — Rustic dresses of stuff, trimmed with leaves of flowers; fleshings and sandals; crooks, trimmed with wreaths; wreaths of wild flowers for head

WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *Vestibule in* LEONTES' *Palace at Sicilia, with view of Mount Etna, 4 and 7* G. *Three State Chairs on* R. H.

Enter CAMILLO *and* ARCHIDAMUS, R. H. U. E.

Arch. (R. H.) If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. (L. H.) I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves; for, indeed ——

Cam. Beseech you ——

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge; we cannot with such magnificence — in so rare — I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself overkind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed, (1) with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; (2) and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The Heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him. It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject, (3) makes old hearts fresh. They that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man. (*March without, piano,* U. E. L. H.)

Arch. Would they else be content to die?
Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.
Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. (*March, forte.*) (*Exeunt*, L. H. U. E.)

Enter, U. E. L. H., *through archway*, LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, ARCHIDAMUS, PAULINA, ANTIGONUS, CLEOMENES, PHOCION, DION, THASIUS, LAMIA, HERO, EMILIA, 12 *guards*, 12 *lords* 12 *ladies*, 16 *Grecian youths.*

SITUATIONS.

6 LORDS. 12 GUARDS.
6 LADIES. 3 LORDS.
HERO. 6 LADIES.
LAMIA, EMILIA. 3 LORDS.
PAULINIA.
MAMILLIUS. CLEOMENES, 6 LADIES.
DION,
3 State Chairs. POLIXENES. PHOCION.
HERMIONE. THASIUS.
LEONTES. CAMILLO, ANTIGONUS.

Pyrrhic Dance by 16 GRECIAN YOUTHS.

(*End of Dance. Exeunt youths*, U. E. L. H. LEONTES *and* POLIXENES *advance to front.*)

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star have been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden. Time as long again
Would be filled up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt. And therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one *we-thank-you*, many thousands more
That go before it.
Leon. (C.) Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them when you part.
Pol. (R. H.) Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am questioned by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence; that (4) may blow
No sneaping (5) winds at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly! (6) Besides, I have staid
To tire your royalty.
Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.
Leon. One sevennight longer. (HERMIONE *advances down*, L. H.)
Pol. Very soo:h, to-morrow.
Leon. We'll part the time between's, then; and in that
I'll no gainsaying.
Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'the world,
So soon as yours, could win me; so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
To you a charge and trouble. To save both,
Farewell, our brother.
Leon. Tongue tied, our queen? Speak you.
Her. (L. H.) I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure,
All in Bohemia's well; this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaimed; say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.
Leon. Well said, Hermione.
Her. To tell he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay;
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.
Yet of your royal presence (*crosses* C.; LEONTES *goes up to* MAMILLIUS, *and takes him to state chair*, R. H. — *To* POLIXENES) I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,
To let (7) him there a month, behind the gest (8)
Prefixed for his parting; yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o'the clock behind
What lady she her lord. — You'll stay?
Pol. No, madam.
Her. Nay, but you will?
Pol. I may not, verily.
Her. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, *Sir, no going.* Verily,
You shall not go; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest: so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner, or my guest? By your dread *verily*,
One of them you shall be.
Pol. Your guest, then, madam:
To be your prisoner, should import offending;

Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.
Her. Not your jailer, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordings then.
Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.
Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?
Pol. We were as twinned lambs, that did frisk i'the sun,
And bleat the one at the other. What we changed,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dreamed
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher reared
With stronger blood, we should have answered Heaven
Boldly, *Not Guilty;* the imposition cleared, (9)
Hereditary ours.
Her. By this we gather,
You have tripped since.
Pol. O, my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us; for
In those unfledged days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not crossed the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.
Her. Grace to boot! (10)
Of this make no conclusion; lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils. Yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer.
Leon. (*Coming forward to* C.; MAMILLIUS *returns to* PAULINA.)
Is he won yet?
Her. He'll stay, my lord.
Leon. At my request he would not. — (*Aside*)
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.
Her. Never?
Leon. Never but once.
Her. What? have I twice said well? When wast before?
I prithee, tell me. One good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: you may ride,
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal. —
My last good was, to entreat his stay;
What was my first? It has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you. O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose. When?
Nay, let me have't; I long.
Leon. Why, that was when

Three crabbed months had soured themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap (11) thyself my love; then didst thou utter,
I am yours forever.

Her. (*Turning to* LEONTES, *who takes her hand.*) It is grace, indeed. —
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice.
The one forever earned a royal husband;
The other, for some while, a friend.
(*Giving her hand to* POLIXENES, R. H.)

Leon. (L. H.) Too hot, too hot. — (*Aside.*)
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me; —my heart dances;
But not for joy, — not joy. — This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom, (12)
And well become the agent. It may, I grant:
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are! Mamillius, art thou my boy?

Mam. (*Down*, L. H.) Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I'fecks?
Why, that's my bawcock! (13) What, hast smutched thy nose? —
They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat! not neat, but cleanly, captain;
(*Wipes the face of* MAMILLIUS.)
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all called neat. — Still virginalling (14)
(*Observing* POLIXENES *and* HERMIONE.)
Upon his palm? — How now, you wanton calf?
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have, (15)
To be full (16) like me: yet, they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing. But were they false
As wind, as waters, yet were it true
To say this boy were like me. — Come, sir page,
(*Lifting up* MAMILLIUS.)
Look on me with your welkin (17) eye. Sweet villain!
Most dearest! my collop! (18) — can thy dam? — May't be?

Pol. (R. C., *looking at* LEONTES.) What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. (*Coming forward.*) How! my lord?
What cheer? How is't with you, best brother?

Her. (L. C.) You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction.
Are you moved, my lord?

Leon. (C., *looking round to* R. H.) No, in good earnest. —
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methought I did recoil

Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreeched,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, (19) this gentleman. Mine honest friend, (*to* MAMILLIUS.)
Will you take eggs for money? (20)
Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.
Leon. You will? why, happy man be his dole! — (21)
My brother, (*to* POLIXENES.)
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?
Pol. If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter;
Now, my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all;
He makes a July's day short as December;
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.
Leon. So stands this squire
Officed with me. We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. — Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap.
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
Apparent (22) to my heart.
Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i'the garden. (HERMIONE *waves her hand; the court divide, leaving the centre open.*) Shall's attend you there?
Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky; — I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
(*March without, forte,* U. E. R. H. *Exeunt in procession,* U. E. R. H., QUEEN, HERMIONE, POLIXENES, ANTIGONUS, PHOCION, THASIUS, DION, ARCHIDAMUS, HERO, PAULINA, EMILIA, LAMIA, CLEOMENES, 12 *ladies*, 12 *lords, and* 12 *guards.*)
Leon. Go to, go to! (*Goes up,* R. H., *and looks after them;* CAMILLO *and* MAMILLIUS *on* L. H.)
How she holds up the neb, (23) the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband! Gone already!
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a forked one. (24)
(*Exit* CAMILLO, U. E. R. H.)
Go, play, boy, play; — thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgraced a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamor
Will be my knell. — Go, play, boy, play. — There have been,
Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has —— Should all despair,

That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for't there is none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north, and south: be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know it;
It will let in and out the enemy.
Many a thousand of us
Have the disease, and feel't not. (MAMILLIUS *pulls him by the cloak.*)

Enter CAMILLO, U. E. R. H.

How now, boy?
Mam. I am like you, they say.
Leon. Why, that's some comfort —
What! Camillo there?
Cam. Ay, my good lord.
Leon. Go play, Mamillius: thou'rt an honest man. —
(*Exit* MAMILLIUS, U. E. R. H.)
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.
Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
When you cast out, it still came home. (25)
Leon. Didst note it?
Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material. (26)
Leon. Didst perceive it? —
They're here with me already: (27) whispering, roundi g, (28)
Sicilia is a so-forth. (29) 'Tis far gone,
When I shall gust (30) it last. — How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?
Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.
Leon. At the queen's, be't: good, should be pertinent
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks. — Not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? By some severals,
Of head-piece extraordinary? Lower messes, (31)
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.
Cam. Business, my lord? I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.
Leon. Ha?
Cam. Stays here longer.
Leon. Ay, but why?
Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.
Leon. Satisfy
The entreaties of your mistress? —— Satisfy? —
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils; wherein, priestlike, thou

Hast cleansed my bosom; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reformed; but we have been
Deceived in thy integrity, deceived
In that which seems so.
Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!
Leon. To bide upon't: Thou art not honest; or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;
Which hoxes (32) honesty behind, restraining
From course required; or else thou must be counted
A servant, grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool,
That seest a game played home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.
Cam. My gracious lord,
In your affairs,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I played the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
'Twas a fear
Which oft affects the wisest. These, my lord,
Are such allowed infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me: let me know my trespass
By its own visage. If I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.
Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo,
(But that's past doubt: you have,) or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumor
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think it,) (33)
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say,
My wife's a hobby-horse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before a troth-plight: say it, and justify it.
Cam. I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken. 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this, which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.
Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek?
Stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty:)
Skulking in corners? Wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? Noon, midnight? And all eyes blind

With the pin and web, (34) but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why, then, the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing. (*Crosses to* L. H., *and back to* R. H.)
Cam. Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.
Leon. Say, it be; 'tis true.
Cam. No, no, my lord.
Leon. You lie, you lie; it is:
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both. Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass. (35) (*Crosses to* L. H.)
Cam. Who does infect her?
Leon. Why, he that wears her like his medal, (36) hanging
About his neck, Bohemia. Who — if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honor as their profits,
They would do that
Which should undo more doing. Ay, and thou,
His cupbearer, — who mayst see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled, — mightst bespice a cup, (37)
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.
Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this; and that with no rash (38) potion,
But with a lingering dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison. But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honorable.
I have loved thee, ———
Leon. I've loved thee. Make't thy question, and go rot! (39)
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps? (40)
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince, my son,
Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine;
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench? (41)
Cam. I must believe you, sir.
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't;
Provided, that when he's removed, your highness

Will take again your queen, as yours at first;
Even for your son's sake; and thereby, for sealing
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.
Leon. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down.
I'll give no blemish to her honor, none.
Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.
Leon. This is all;
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou splittest thine own.
Cam. I'll do't, my lord.
Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised me.
(*Exit*, U. E. R. H.)
Cam. O miserable lady — But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too. — To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,
And flourished after, I'd not do't; but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villany itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. (*Turns*, R. H.; *sees* POLIXENES.) Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES, 1 E. R. H.; CAMILLO *turns away*, L. H., *silently*.)

Pol. This is strange! Methinks
My favor here begins to warp. Not speak? —
Good day, Camillo.
Cam. Hail, most royal sir!
Pol. What is the news i' the court?
Cam. None rare, my lord.
Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region
Loved as he loves himself. Even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.
Pol. How! Dare not?
Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.
Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk.
I have looked on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but killed none so. Camillo,
I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be informed, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.
Cam. I may not answer.
Pol. I must be answered. — Dost thou hear, Camillo?
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which honor does acknowledge, — whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine, — that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.
Cam. Sir, I will tell you;
Since I am charged in honor, and by him
That I think honorable. Therefore, mark my counsel;
Which must be even as swiftly followed, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry, *lost*, and so good night.
Pol. On, good Camillo.
Cam. I am appointed him to murder you. (42)
Pol. By whom, Camillo?
Cam. By the king.
Pol. For what?
Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice (43) you to't, — that you have touched his queen
Forbiddenly.
Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yoked with his, that did betray the best! (44)
Cam. Swear this thought over (45)
By each particular star in heaven, and
You may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As, or by oath, remove, or counsel, shake
The fabric of his folly.
Pol. How should this grow?
Cam. I know not; but, I am sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty, —

That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawned, — away to-night.
Be not uncertain:
For, by the honor of my parents, I
Have uttered truth; which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemned by the king's own mouth thereon
His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbor mine. (46) My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns. Please your highness
To take the urgent hour.

Pol. Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen's!

Cam. Come, sir, away.

(*Exeunt* POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO, 1 E. L. H.)

Quick Drop.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *The Queen's Boudoir. Octagon chamber,* 3 G.; *a sofa and stool on* R. H.; *table and two chairs in* C. *at back; table on* 2 E. L. H., *with needlework and six chairs;* HERMIONE *on sofa,* R. H.; MAMILLIUS *on stool in front of sofa,* R. H.; EMILIA *and* LAMIA *at table in* C.; HERO *and five ladies at table,* L. H.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

Lam. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you. —— (*Rises; goes to* EMILIA.)
I love you better.

Em. And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best; so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or half-moon made with a pen.

Em. Who taught you this?

Mam. I learned it out of women's faces. — Pray now
What color are your eyebrows?
Lam. Blue, my lord.
Mam. Nay, that's a mock; I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.
Em. Hark ye; we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.
Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now
I am for you again. Pray you, sit by us,
And tell's a tale.
Mam. (*Goes to* HERMIONE, R. H.) Merry, or sad, shall't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad tale's best for winter.
I have one of sprites and goblins.
Her. Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down. — Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites: you're powerful at it.
Mam. There was a man ——
Leon. (*Without*, L. H.) Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

Enter LEONTES, PHOCION, ANTIGONUS, THASIUS, *four officers, and six guards*, 1 E. L. H. *As* LEONTES *enters*, L. H., HERO *and ladies rise and go over to* R. H.

Pho. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way. I eyed them
Even to their ships.
Leon. How blessed am I
In my just censure! (1) in my true opinion! —
Alack, for lesser knowledge! (2) How accursed
In being so blest! (HERMIONE *rises.*)
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted. — That false villain,
Whom I employed, was preëmployed by him:
He has discovered my design, and I
Remain a pinched thing; (3) yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. — How came the posterns
So easily open? (HERMIONE *comes forward*, R. H., *with* MAMILLIUS.)
Pho. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevailed than so,
On your command.
Leon. I know't too well. ——
Give me the boy.
(*Snatches the boy from* HERMIONE, *and passes him to* PHOCION *on his* L. H.; *exit* PHOCION, *hastily, with* MAMILLIUS, 1 E. L. H.)
I am glad you did not nurse him.
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. (R. H. What is this? sport?
Leon. (C.) Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her;
Away with him. (HERMIONE *retires up to sofa*, R. H.)
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, *She is a goodly lady*, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity, she's not honest, honorable.
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha: these petty brands,
That calumny doth use; — O, I am out;
That mercy does; for calumny will sear
Virtue itself, (HERMIONE *comes forward*, R. H.;) — these shrugs, these hums, and has,
When you have said, she's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say she's honest. But be it known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adult'ress.
Her. (R. H.) Should a villain say so,
The most replenish villain in the world,
He were as much more villain. You, my lord,
Do but mistake.
Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar! — I have said,
She's an adult'ress; I have said with whom;
More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is
A federary (4) with her; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
That she's a bed-swerver; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.
Her. *No, by my life,*
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have published me? Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly, then, to say
You did mistake. (*Retires up to sofa*, R. H.)
Leon. No; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top. (5) Away with her to prison.
(*Ladies on* L. H. *expostulate.*)
He who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
But that he speaks. (6) (*Throws himself in chair* L. C. *of table*, L. H.)
Her. (*Rises and comes down*, R. H.) There's some ill planet reigns.
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favorable. (*Ladies come down*, R. H.) Good my lords,

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
That honorable grief lodged here, which burns
Worse than tears drown. 'Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; — and so
The king's will be performed!

Leon. (*To guards.*) Shall I be heard?

Her. (*To* LEONTES.) Who is't that goes with me? — 'Beseech your highness,
My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. (*Ladies weeping on* R. H.) Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause; when you shall know your mistress
Has deserved prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out. This action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace. (*Going,* R. H.) Adieu, my lord;
I never wished to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall. ——— My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence. (*Exeunt,* 1 E. R. H., *queen, ladies,* LAMIA, EMILIA, HERO, *four officers, and six guards, who cross behind to* R. H.; LORD ANTIGONUS *crosses slowly after the lords,* R. H.)

Pho. 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves.
You are abused, and by some putter-on,
That will be damned for't.
Be she honor-flawed, —
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't; by mine honor,
Fourteen they shall not see, to bring false generations.

Leon. Cease; no more. (*Striking his hands together, rising, and coming down,* C.)
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose; but I do see't and feel't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The instruments that feel. (7)

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

Ant. (R. H.) I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honor true, than your suspicion;
Be blamed for't how you might.

Leon. Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touched conjecture,)
Doth push on this proceeding;
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild,) I have despatched
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuffed sufficiency. (8) Now from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel, had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

Pho. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confined;
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;

Ant. Yet, hear me, gracious sovereign.

Leon. We need no more of your advice; the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours; we'll spare your wisdom, sir.
(*Exeunt* LEONTES *and* PHOCION, 1 E. L. H.)

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture. (*Exit* ANTIGONUS, 1 E. R. H.)

SCENE II. — *The Outer Room of a Prison*, 1 G. D. F. L. H. *practical.*

Enter PAULINA, *and two gentlemen*, 1 E. R. H.

Paul. The keeper of the prison, — call to him;
Let him have knowledge who I am. (*Exit gentlemen*, D. F. L. H.)
Good lady,
No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in prison?

Re-enter gentleman, with the KEEPER, D. F. L. H.

Now, good sir,
You know me, do you not?

Keep. (L. H.) For a worthy lady,
And one whom I much honor.

Paul. Pray you, then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Keep. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have express commandment.
Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honor from
The access of gentle visitors! ——— Is it lawful,
Pray you, to see her women? any of them?
Emilia?
Keep. So please you, madam, to put
Apart these your attendants, I shall bring
Emilia forth.
Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves. (*Exeunt two gentlemen*, 1 E. R. H.)
Keep. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.
Paul. Well, be it so, prithee. (*Exit* KEEPER, D. F. L. H.)
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes coloring.

Reënter KEEPER, *with* EMILIA, D. F. L. H.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?
Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together. On her frights and griefs
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater)
She is, something before her time, delivered.
Paul. A boy?
Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live. The queen receives
Much comfort in't; says, *My poor prisoner*,
I am innocent as you.
Paul. I dare be sworn.
These dangerous, unsafe lunes (9) o' the king! beshrew them!
He must be told on't, and he shall; the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouthed, let my tongue blister;
Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loudest. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.
Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honor, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who, but to-day, hammered of this design;
But durst not tempt a minister of honor,
Lest she should be denied.

Keep. Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe.
I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
Having no warrant.
Paul. You need not fear it, sir.
The child was prisoner to the womb; and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Freed and enfranchised: not a party to
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.
Do not you fear; upon
Mine honor, I will stand 'twixt you and danger.
(*Exeunt*, D. F. L. H.)

SCENE III. — *The King's Closet in the Palace*, 3 G. *Sofa on* L. H. *table in* C., *with sword of justice on it; two chairs at table.*

LEONTES *discovered seated in chair* L. *of table.*

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no rest. It is but weakness
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being; — part o' the cause,
She, the adult'ress; — for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level (10) of my brain, plot-proof: but she
I can hook to me. Say, that she were gone,
Given to the death, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.

Enter ANTIGONUS, 1 F. R. H.

Who's there?
Ant. My lord! (*Advancing.*)
Leon. How does the boy?
Ant. He took good rest to-night;
'Tis hoped his sickness is discharged.
Leon. To see
His nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonor of his mother,
He straight declined, drooped, took it deeply;
Fastened and fixed the shame on't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languished. — Go;
Fie! no more of him; —
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty;
His parties, his alliance, — let him be,
Until a time may serve; for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes

Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow.
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power. (*Retires to table*, C.)
Tha. (*Without*, L. H.) You must not enter.
Paul. (*Without*, L. H.) Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me.
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious, innocent soul;
More free, (11) than he is jealous.
Ant. That's enough.
Pho. (*Without*, L. H.) Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
None should come at him.
Paul. Not so hot, good sir;
I come to bring him sleep.

Enter PHOCION, THASIUS, *and* PAULINA, 1 E. L. H., *with the child wrapped in white satin.*

'Tis such as you, —
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings, — such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as med'cinal as true;
Honest, as either; to purge him of that humor,
That presses him from sleep.
Leon. What noise there, ho!
Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference
About some gossips for your highness.
Leon. How? ———
Away with that audacious lady. Antigonus,
I charged thee, that she should not come about me.
Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.
Paul. Good my liege, I come, — (*advancing to* C.,) —
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess (12)
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dare
Less appear so, in comforting your evils, (13)
Than such as most seem yours; — I say, I come
From your good queen.
Leon. Good queen!
Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen; I say, good queen:
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst (14) about you.
Leon. Force her hence.
Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me: on my own accord, I'll off;
But, first, I'll do my errand. The good queen —
For she is good — hath brought you forth a daughter;

Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.
(*Laying the child down on sofa*, L. H.)
Leon. (*Rising and coming forward.*) Out!
A mankind (15) witch! Hence with her, out o' door!
A most intelligencing bawd!
Paul. (*Near the child*, L. H.) Not so.
I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me; and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.
Leon. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard. —
Thou dotard, (*to* ANTIGONUS,) thou art woman-tired, (16) unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here.
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone. (17)
(ANTIGONUS *in the act of advancing.*)
Paul. Forever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced (18) baseness
Which he has put upon't!
Leon. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So I would you did; then, 'twere past all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.
Leon. A nest of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light. Nor I; nor any,
But one, that's here; and that's himself: for he
The sacred honor of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not
Once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.
Leon. This brat is none of mine.
Paul. (*Coming a little forward*, L. C.) 'Tis yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.
And, thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colors
No yellow (19) in't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!
Leon. A gross hag! —
And, lozel, (20) thou art worthy to be hanged,
That wilt not stay her tongue.
Ant. (R. H.) Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.
Leon. Once more, take her hence.
Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more. I will not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen

Savors of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.
Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? Away with her.
(*Retires to table*, C. PHOCION *and* THASIUS *advance a step.*)
Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours; Jove send her
A better guiding spirit! (PHOCION *and* THASIUS *advance again.*)
What need these hands? —
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
(PHOCION *and* THASIUS *advance again.*)
So, so. — Farewell. (*To* ANTIGONUS.) We are gone.
(*Exit* PAULINA, 1 E. L. H.)
Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this. —
My child? Away with't! — Even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consumed with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight.
Within this hour bring me word, 'tis done,
(And by good testimony,) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so.
Go, do it: hence;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.
Ant. (R. H.) I did not, sir.
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.
Pho. We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.
Leon. You are traitors all.
Ant. 'Beseech your highness, give us better credit.
We have always truly served you; and beseech
So to esteem of us; and on my knees I beg
(As recompense of our dear services,
Past and to come) that you do change this purpose;
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue. We beseech ——
Leon. (*Rises.*) Shall I live on, to see this creature kneel
And call me father? Better end it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live.
It shall not neither. You withdraw a while.
(*Exeunt* PHOCION *and* THASIUS, 1 E. L. H.)
You, sir, come you hither; (*to* ANTIGONUS;)
You that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life, (ANTIGONUS *advances to* LEONTES, C.,) —
for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's gray, (31) — what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my abilities may undergo,
And nobleness impose. At least, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent; any thing possible.
Leon. It shall be possible. (*Goes to table*, C., *and draws sword, then advances to* ANTIGONUS.) Swear by this sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.
Ant. I will, my lord. (*He swears, his hand on sword.*)
Leon. Mark, and perform it; (seest thou?) for the fail
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This hateful issue of Polixenes hence,
To some remote and desert place quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favor of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee, —
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture, —
That thou commend it strangely to some place, (22)
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.
Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful. — (LEONTES *retires to table*, C.; ANTIGONUS *crosses to sofa*, L. H., *takes up the child, speaks as he gently crosses to* R. H.) Come on, poor babe.
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity. — (*On* R. H.) Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed doth require! and blessing, (23)
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemned to loss! (24)
(*Exit* ANTIGONUS, *with the child*, 1 E. R. H.)
Leon. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue. (*Trumpet without*, L. H.)

Enter PHOCION *and* THASIUS, 1 E. L. H.

Pho. Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since. Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.
Leon. This good speed foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
Been publicly accused, so shall she have

A just and open trial. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding.

(*Exeunt* LEONTES, 1 E. R. H., PHOCION *and* THASIUS, 1 E. L. H.)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *Theatre at Syracuse, 7 G., prepared for the trial of Queen* HERMIONE. *Ancient Greece.*

SITUATIONS.

12 GUARDS. 12 GUARDS. 12 GUARDS. 12 GUARDS.

Throne and State Chair.

4 OFFICERS. 4 PAGES. LEONTES. 4 PAGES. 4 OFFICERS.

4 OFFICERS. 4 PAGES. 4 PAGES. 4 OFFICERS.

PRIESTS. PRIESTS.

2 SENATORS, 2 SENATORS, 2 SENATORS, 2 SENATORS, *seated.* — 2 SENATORS, 2 SENATORS, 2 SENATORS, 2 SENATORS, *seated.*

THASIUS. *Table.* PHOCION.

2 PRIESTS, *seated.* *Written Oracle in the case, Sword of Justice, written Indictment on Table.* 2 PRIESTS, *seated.*

CLEOMENES.

DION.

Chairs for HERMIONE. OFFICER.

R. H. L. H.

Music, eight bars, without, U. E. R. H., *(then drop ascends,) and continued forte till scene well discovered.*

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief, we pronounce)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart. The party tried,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much beloved. — Let us be cleared
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation. —
Produce the prisoner.

Pho. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court. (*Exit officer,* 1 E. L. H.)

Enter HERMIONE, 1 E. L. H., *supported by* PAULINA *and* LAMIA, EMILIA, HERO, *six ladies, officer, and four guards. All rise as the queen enters,* L. H. HERMIONE *crosses to* C., *bows, (every one returns it,) and crosses to* R. H., *followed by the ladies.*

Leon. Read the indictment.

Pho. (*Standing* L. *of table, takes indictment from the table, and reads.*) "Hermione, queen to Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord and king, thy royal husband."

Her. (*Rises, and turns to the court.*) Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say, *Not guilty:* mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so received. But thus, — If powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do,)
I doubt not, then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. — You, my lord, best know
(Who least will seem to do so) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devised,
And played to take spectators. For behold me —
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe (1)
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince — here standing
To prate and talk for life, and honor, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare; for honor,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strained, to appear thus: (2) if one jot beyond
The bound of honor; or, in act, or will,
That way inclining; hardened be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, Fie, upon my grave! (*Sinks into chair,* R. H.)

Leon. I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
More impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first. (3)

Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. As you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact (4) are so,) so past all truth;
Which to deny, concerns more than avails; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it,) so thou

Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage,
Look for no less than death.
Her. Sir, spare your threats;
The bug (5) which you would fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity. (*Rises.*)
The crown and comfort of my life, your favor,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy,
And first-fruits of our marriage, from his presence
I am barred like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starred most unluckily, (6) is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder; myself on every post
Proclaimed a strumpet; with immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion. — Lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i'the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. (7) Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not. —— No! life,
I prize it not a straw; — but for mine honor,
(Which I would free,) if I shall be condemned
Upon surmises; (all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake;) I tell you,
'Tis rigor, and not law. — Your honors all,
I do refer me to the oracle;
Apollo be my judge. (*Sinks into chair*, R. H.)
Leon. Bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.
(*During this speech of* HERMIONE'S, PHOCION *takes sword of justice from table, and gives it to* CLEOMENES *and* DION.)
Her. The emperor of Russia was my father.
O, that he were alive, and here, beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness (8) of my misery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!
Pho. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
This sealed-up oracle, by the hand delivered
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dared to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.
Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.
Leon. Break up the seals, and read.
(*Music.* PRIEST *rises, goes to oracle, breaks the seals, unlocks the oracle, and takes out paper and gives it to* PHOCION; HERMIONE *rises;* PHOCION *advances to* L. C., *and reads.*)
Pho. (*Reads.*) "Hermione is chaste, (HERMIONE, R. H., *sinks on her knees; all raise hands in praise,*) Polixenes blameless, Camillo,

a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found." (9)

Paul. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Pho. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

Enter EMILIA, *hastily*, 1 E. L. H.

Emil. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?

Emil. O sir, I shall be hated to report it;
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, (10) is dead.

Leon. How! dead! (HERMIONE *faints.*)

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen. Look down,
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence;
Her heart is but o'ercharged; she will recover.
The heavens themselves do strike at my injustice.
I have too much believed mine own suspicion. —
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. (HERMIONE *is borne off by* PAULINA *and* LAMIA, 1 E. R. H., *followed by* HERO, EMILIA, *and ladies.*)
Break up the court.
(*Trumpet sounds; all go up above*, 1 G. *Scene closes.*)

SCENE II. — *Room in the Palace of the King*, 1 G. *Enter* LEONTES, PHOCION, *and* THASIUS, 1 E. L. H.

Leon. Apollo, pardon
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle! —
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes; which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,
And filled with honor, to my kingly guest
Unclasped my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the certain (11) hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honor. — How he glisters

Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!
Paul. (*Without*, R. H.) Woe the while!
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!
Leon. What fit is this, good lady?

Enter PAULINA, 1 E. R. H.

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels, racks, fires? What old or newer torture
Must I receive; whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies, —
O, think what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
When I have said, cry, woe! — The queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest creature's dead; and vengeance for't
Not dropped down yet.
Leon. The higher powers forbid!
(*Sinks into the arms of* PHOCION *and* THASIUS.)
Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear't. If word nor oath
Prevail not, go and see; if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods. — But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir; therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.
Leon. Go on, go on.
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserved
All tongues to talk their bitterest.
Pho. Say no more;
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I'the boldness of your speech.
Paul. I am sorry for't;
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas, I have showed too much
The rashness of a woman: he is touched
To the noble heart. — What's gone and what's past help,
Should be past grief. Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you; rather
Let me be punished, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman.
The love I bore your queen, — lo, fool again! —

I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children ;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too. Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.
Leon. Prithee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son ;
One grave shall be for both ; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie ; and tears, shed there,
Shall be my recreation. So long as
Nature will bear up with this exercise,
So long I daily vow to use it. Come,
And lead me to these sorrows. (*Exeunt*, 1 E. R. H.)

SCENE III. — *Bohemia. A desert Country near the Sea*, 5 G. *Set rock and platform*, 3 E. R. H. ; *set rock and platform*, 4 E. L. H. ; *bank on* R. H. 2 E.

Enter ANTIGONUS, *over steps*, 3 E. R. H., *with the child ; and a mariner.*

Ant. Thou art perfect, (12) then, our ship hath touched upon
The deserts of Bohemia ?
Mar. Ay, my lord ; and fear
We have landed in ill time ; the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.
Ant. Their sacred wills be done ! — Go, get aboard ;
Look to thy bark ; I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.
Mar. Make your best haste ; and go not
Too far i'the land ; 'tis like to be loud weather ;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon't. (*Lights gradually down.*)
Ant. Go thou away.
I'll follow instantly.
Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o'the business.
(*Exit over rock*, 3 E. R. H. ; *distant thunder at intervals.*)
Ant. Come, poor babe. ——
I have heard (but not believed) the spirits of the dead
May walk again. If such thing be, thy mother
Appeared to me last night ; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another ;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So filled, and so becoming ; in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay ; thrice bowed before me ;

And gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: "Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath, —
Places remote enough are in Bohemia:
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost forever, Perdita,
I prithee call't; for this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more:" and so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Dreams are toys:
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squared by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffered death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life, or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. — Blossom, speed thee well!
(*Laying down the child on bank*, R. H.)
There lie; and there thy character; (13) (*laying down a paper;*) there
these; (*laying down a casket.*)
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine. (*Thunder, lightning, and rain.*) The storm
begins. — Poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus exposed
To loss, and what may follow! — Fare thee well!
Sweet, my heart bleeds; and most accursed am I,
To be by oath enjoined to this. (*Heavy thunder, lightning, and dismal
howling.*) Farewell!
The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough. I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. (*Howling of wild beasts, &c., without,*
U. E. L. H.) A savage clamor! (14)
This is the chase. (*Bear seen*, U. E. L. H.) Well may I get aboard!
(*Exit* ANTIGONUS *over rock*, 3 E. R. H.; *the bear follows him.*)

Enter an old SHEPHERD, *over rock*, 4 E. L. H.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty; or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting. (*Distant hunting horns without*, U. E. L. H.) Hark you now! — Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find than the master; if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea side, browsing of ivy. (15) Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? (*Seeing the child on bank*, R. H.) Mercy on's, a bairn; a very pretty bairn! (*Taking up child.*) A boy, or a child, I wonder! A pretty one:

a very pretty one. Sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door work. They were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he hallooed but even now. Whoa, ho, hoa!

Clo. (*Without*, U. E. R. H.) Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither.

Enter CLOWN, *over rock*, 3 E. R. H.; *lights gradually up;* SHEPHERD *covers child with mantle.*

What ail'st thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land; — but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! But that's not to the point! O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! Sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast; and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land service, — to see how the bear tore out his shoulder bone! how he cried to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. — But to make an end of the ship, — to see how the sea flap-dragoned (16) it! — but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them! — and how the poor old gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather!

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights. The men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. 'Would I had been by, to have helped the old man! But look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met'st with things dying, I with things new born. (*Showing the child, &c.*) Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth (17) for a squire's child! Look thee here: take up, (CLOWN *takes casket and paper; opens it,*) take up, boy; open't. So, let's see. It was told me, I should be rich, by the fairies; this is some changeling. — Open't. What's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made (18) old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! All gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way. (19) We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy. — Let my sheep go. — Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst, (20) but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it. (*Goes up*, 3 E. R. H.)

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou mayst discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't.

(*Exeunt* SHEPHERD, *with child, casket, and paper, over rock,* 4 E. L. H.; CLOWN *over rock,* 3 E. R. H.)

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *Bohemia. A classical allegory. Clouds,* 3 G., *representing the course of time.* TIME *ascends, with hour-glass and scythe, through stage, on revolving globe, and arched by zodiacal signs. Music.*

Time. I, — that please some, try all; both joy and terror,
Of good and bad; that make and unfold error, —
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime,
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now received. I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning; and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing,
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o'the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering. What of her ensues,
I list not prophecy; but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth: — a shepherd's daughter
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow, (1)
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never yet, that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may.

(*The seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, descend on parallels,* R. *and* L. H.; *clouds open,* 3 G., *and discover the Goddess of Night and her Star Nymphs retreating before the* ASCENT OF PHŒBUS *in the Chariot of the Sun. Tableau. Scene closes.*)

SCENE II. — *Bohemia. A Room in the Palace of* POLIXENES, 1 G.

Enter POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO, 1 E. L. H.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate to grant this.

Cam. It is sixteen years since I saw my country. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel, my son? I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness, from whom I have this intelligence; that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note; the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence. But thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo! — We must disguise ourselves.

(*Exeunt,* 1 E. L. H.)

SCENE III. — *Bohemia. A Road near the* SHEPHERD'S *Cottage,* 1 G.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, (2) *singing,* 1 E. L. H.

When daffodils begin to peer, ———
With heigh! the doxy over the dale, —
Why then comes in the sweet o'the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale. (3)
The white sheet bleaching on the hedge, —
With, hey! the sweet birds, O how they sing! —
Doth set my pugging (4) tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.
The lark, that tirra-lirra chants, —
With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay, —
Are summer songs for me and my aunts, (5)
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile; (6) but now I am out of service.

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night;
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. (7) My father named me Autolycus; who, being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With dye, and drab, I purchased this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat. (8) (*Looking off*, R. H.) A prize! a prize! (*Hides behind wing*, R. H.)

Enter CLOWN, 1 E. R. H., *reading paper*.

Clo. Let me see; — every 'leven wether — tods; (9) every tod yields — pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, — what comes the wool to?

Aut. (*Slyly advancing behind him. — Aside.*) If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

Clo. I cannot do't without counters. (10) — Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? *Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice* —— what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. *Mace, — dates, —* none; that's out of my note; *nutmegs, seven; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o'the sun.*

Aut. O that ever I was born! (*Grovelling on the ground.*)

Clo. (*Turning round, much alarmed.*) I'the name of me, ——

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then ——

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. (*Bending over him.*) What, by a horseman or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand; I'll help thee! come, lend me thy hand.

(*The* CLOWN *assists him up; and as* AUTOLYCUS *rises, he puts his arm at the back of the* CLOWN, *and picks his wallet of purse, which he conceals.*)

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir. I fear, sir, my shoulder blade is out.

Clo. How, now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; (*picks his pocket;*) good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir; I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want. (CLOWN *is about to take purse from his wallet;* AUTOLYCUS *hastily stops him.*) Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart. (11)

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames. (12) I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court. They cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide. (13)

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion (14) of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue. Some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! Prig, (15) for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter. I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk. I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir! (*Exit* CLOWN, 1 E. L. H.) Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, (16) and my name put in the book of virtue!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent (17) the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. (*Exit*, 1 E. R. H.)

SCENE IV. — *A Vineyard,* 5 G. *Shepherd's cottage,* R. H. 3 E., *door practical. Two garden chairs by cottage,* R. H. *Set arbor,* L. H. 3 E., *and two garden chairs.* FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA *discovered seated at arbor,* L. H.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life; no shepherdess, but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing

Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.
Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them. Your high self,
The gracious mark (18) o'the land, you have obscured
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddesslike pranked up.
Flo. (R. H. *They rise, come down centre.*) I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.
Per. (L. H.) Now Jove afford you cause!
Even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did.
Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forced (19) thoughts, I prithee, darken not
The mirth of the feast. Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's. To this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. (*Pipe and tabor without*, U. E. L. H.) Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.
Per. O Lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!
Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

(*Music. Pipe and tabor. Enter*, U. E. L. H., *shepherds, shepherdesses,* (*they bow to* PERDITA, *then go up and remain in groups in conversation,*) CLOWN, MOPSA, *the old* SHEPHERD, *with* POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO *disguised.*)

Shep. Fie, daughter! When my old wife lived, upon
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant; welcomed all, served all:
Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o'the table, now i'the middle.
You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting. Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o'the feast. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper
Per. (C.) Welcome, sirs!
(*To* POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO.)
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o'the day. — You're welcome, sirs!

Cam. Good sooth, she is the queen of the curds and creams!

Per. Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. (*Dorcas comes down,* R. C., *and gives flowers to* PERDITA, C.) Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep.
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. (L. C.) Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping; (20) these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. You are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. — Now, my fairest friend,
I would I had some flowers o'the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours; and yours;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maiden honors growing; daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, (21) ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial. O, these I lack (*To* FLORIZEL, *on* R. H.)
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. (R. H.) What, like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse: or if, — not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms.

(FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA *retire up,* R. H., *and sit.*)

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green sward; nothing she does or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

(*Retires up,* L. H., *with* SHEPHERD *and* CAMILLO.)

Clo. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with.

Mop. Now in good time!

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? Is there not milking time, when you are going to bed, or kiln hole, to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners. Come, strike up.

(*Music. Dance of shepherds and shepherdesses; end of the dance; they form various groups;* POLIXENES *and old* SHEPHERD *come forward.*)

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what
Fair swain is this, now talking with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles, and he boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding.
He says he loves my daughter; and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best. — If young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter NEATHERD, R. H. U. E.

Neat. O, master, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you. He sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in.

Neat. He hath songs for man, or woman, of all sizes. He hath ribbons of all the colors i' the rainbow; inkles, (22) caddisses, (23) cambrics, lawns. Why, he sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses.

Clo. Prithee, bring him in; and let him approach singing. (*Exit* NEATHERD, U. E. R. H.) I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter; merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing, indeed, and sung lamentably.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing*, U. E. R. H., *and the* NEATHERD; *shepherds, clowns, and shepherdesses gather round him in* C.; *old* SHEPHERD, POLIXENES, *and* CAMILLO *retire up* L. H. *in conversation;* PERDITA *and* FLORIZEL *seated on* R. H. 3 E.

Aut. Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silks, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedler;
Money's a meddler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

Mop. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace, (24) and a pair of sweet gloves. (25)

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you; may be, he has paid you more.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behooves men to be wary.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. 'Pray now, buy some. I love a ballad in print, a'-life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonadoed. (*All look surprised.*)

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives, that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by. And let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung his ballad against the hard hearts of men; it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her.

Dor. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too. Another. (*All delighted.*)

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of *Two maids wooing a man.*

Mop. We can sing it, if thou'lt bear a part.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. Have at it with you.

TRIO. — AUTOLYCUS, MOPSA, *and* DORCAS.

A. Get you hence, for I must go;
Where, it fits not you to know.
D. Whither? *M.* O whither? *D.* Whither?
M. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell.
D. Me too, let me go thither.
M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill;
D. If to either, thou dost ill.
A. Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither.
D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;
M. Thou hast sworn it more to me.
Then, whither go'st? Say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves. My father and

the gentleman are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them. (POLIXENES *and* SHEPHERD *close conversation near arbor*, L. H.) Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. — Peddler, let's have the first choice Follow me, girls.

Aut. (*Aside.*) And you shall pay well for 'em.

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?

Enter a NEATHERD, U. E. L. H.

Neat. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neatherds, three swineherds, that have made themselves all men of hair; they call themselves saltiers; (26) and they have a dance, which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us. Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Neat. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire. (27)

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Neat. Why, they stay at door, sir. (*Exit*, U. E. L. H.)

Reënter NEATHERD, *with twelve rustics habited like satyrs*, U. E. L. H.; *end of satyrs' dance; exeunt twelve satyrs*, U. E. L. H.; CLOWN, AUTOLYCUS, MOPSA, DORCAS, NEATHERD, *shepherds and shepherdesses, into cottage*, R. H.; POLIXENES *and old* SHEPHERD *come down*, C.; FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA *down* R. H.

Pol. (*To* SHEPHERD.) O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter. (28) — (*Aside.*) How now, fair shepherd? — (*To* FLORIZEL.)
Sooth, when I was young, I was wont
To load my she with knacks. I would have ransacked
The pedler's silken treasury, and have poured it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted (29) with him.

Flo. She prizes not such trifles as these are.
O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime loved. I take thy hand; this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fanned snow,
That's bolted (30) by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Cam. How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before! — (*To* POLIXENES.) You have put him out.
But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't. (*Points to* CAMILLO.)
Pol. (L. H.) And this my neighbor too?
Flo. (R. C.) And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:
That, — were I crowned the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force, and knowledge,
More than was ever man's, — I would not prize them,
Without her love; for her employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.
Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?
Per. (R. H.) I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better.
By the pattern of my own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.
Shep. Take hands; a bargain; —
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't.
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.
Flo. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder.
Shep. (*Goes between them, and takes a hand of each; after joining hands, goes to* R. H.) Come, your hand; —
And, daughter, yours.
Pol. Soft, swain, a while, 'beseech you;
Have you a father?
Flo. I have. But what of him?
Pol. Knows he of this?
Flo. He neither does, nor shall.
Pol. Methinks a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table.
Reason, my son,
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.
Flo. I yield all this;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.
Pol. Let him know't.
Flo. He shall not.
Pol. Prithee, let him.
Flo. No, he must not.
Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not. —
Our contract mark.
Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir.
(*Discovering himself.*)
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledged. Thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook! (*Crosses to* SHEP.) Thou, old traitor,
I am sorry that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week.
Per. O, my heart!
Undone, undone! I cannot speak, nor think;
Nor dare to know that which I know.
(*Exit* SHEPHERD, R. H. 3 E., *into cottage.*)
Pol. And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who, of force, must know,
The royal fool thou cop'st with.
I'll have thy beauty scratched with briers, and made
More homely than thy state. — For thee, fond boy, —
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh,
That thou no more shalt never see this knack, (as never
I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood;
Mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court. Camillo, come.
And you enchantment,
If ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to't. Follow, sir. (*Exit,* U. E. L. H.)
Per. (C.; CAMILLO *stands back,* C.) Even here undone!
I was not much afeard: for once, or twice,
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. — (*To* FLORIZEL, *who takes her hand.*) Will't please
you, sir, begone?
I told you what would come of this. 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care. This dream of mine, —
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,
But milk my ewes, and weep.
Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard! delayed,
But nothing altered! What I was, I am.
Lift up thy looks: —
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.
Cam. (*Comes down,* L. C.) Be advised.
Flo. I am; and by my fancy: (31) if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,
Do bid it welcome.
Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow;
Camillo, not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat gleaned; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair beloved. Therefore, I pray you,
As you have e'er been my father's honored friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion. — I am put to sea
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, to our need, (32) most opportune, I have
A vessel rides fast by. — Hark, Perdita.

Cam. My Lord Florizel, I'll hear you by and by.
(*Goes up with* PERDITA.)
He's irremovable;
Resolved for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honor;
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. (*Comes down.*) Sir! it shall be so. Now, good Cam.
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet.

Cam. Then list to me.
This follows, — if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight; — Make for Sicilia.
And there present yourself, and your fair princess,
(For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes
The king; — Methinks I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee, their son, forgiveness,
As 'twere i' the father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What color for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king, your father,
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
(Things known betwixt us three,) I'll write you down
And with my best endeavors, in your absence,
Your discontenting father I will strive
To qualify, and bring him up to liking.

Flo. I am bound to you.
There is some sap in this

Enter AUTOLYCUS, 3 E. R. H., *who, seeing them, cautiously retires behind cottage,* R. H.

But, O the thorns we stand upon! Camillo, —
Preserver of my father, now of me; —
How shall we do?
We are not furnished like Bohemia's son;
Nor shall appear in Sicilia ———
Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this. I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play were mine.
Aut. (*At back,* R. H. U. E.) So, so, I smell the trick of it.
Per. But, my poor father ——
Cam. Fear not, fair shepherdess; he shall be safe.
Flor. Thus we set on, Camillo, to the seaside.
Come, dearest Perdita; and fortune speed us!
(*Exeunt* FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA, 1 E. R. H.)
Cam. The swifter speed the better.
What I do next, shall be to tell the king
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after; in whose company
I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing. (*Exit,* L. H. U. E.)

Aut. (*Comes down* C.) I understand the business; I hear it. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. Well, I am transformed — formed courtier again. Four silken gamesters, who attended the king, and were revelling by themselves at some distance from the shepherds, have drank so plentifully, that their weak brains are turned topsy-turvy. I found one of them retired from the rest, sobering himself with sleep under the shade of a hawthorn. I made profit of occasion, and exchanged garments with him; the pedler's clothes are on his back, and the pack by his side as empty as his pockets. I had sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander, (33) brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting; they throng who should buy first; as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer; by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use, I remembered. My clown grew so in love with a new song, that he would not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words, which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears; no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoobub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

Shep. (*Without*, R. H. 3 E.) Come along.

Aut. Aside, aside; here is more matter for a hot brain. Every lane's end yields a careful man work. (*Retires behind cottage*, R. U.)

Enter CLOWN *and* SHEPHERD, 3 E. R. H., *from cottage.*

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! There is no other way but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her. This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how (34) much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely; puppies! (*Aside, at back*, R. H.)

Shep. Well, let us to the king; there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. (*Comes forward*, C.; CLOWN *and* SHEPHERD *take off their hats.*) How now, rustics? Whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, (35) the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, (36) breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? Hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? (37) Reflect I not on thy baseness court contempt? Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate, or toze (38) from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier *cap-a-pie*, and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there; whereupon, I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo Advocate's the court word for a pheasant; say you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen. (39)

Aut. How blessed are we, that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are;
Therefore I'll not disdain. (*Walking up and down conceitedly.*)

Clo. This cannot but be a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely (AUTOLYCUS *picks his teeth with his dagger.*)

Clo. A great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i'the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box which none must know but the king, and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labor.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself. For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane (40) to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman; which, though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! All deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with *aqua-vitæ*, or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, (41) shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, for you seem to be honest, plain men, (*holding out his hand,*) what you have to the king; being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it. (*Crosses* L. H.)

Clo. He seems to be of great authority. Close with him, give him gold, and no more ado. Remember — stoned, and flayed alive!

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have. (*Offering a purse.*) I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you. (*Pushing* CLOWN *towards* AUTOLYCUS.)

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. (*Takes purse from* SHEPHERD.) Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir; but, though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it. (*Kneels.*)

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son, — hang him, he'll be made an example. Walk before toward the seaside; go, I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us; he was provided to do us good.

(*Exeunt* SHEPHERD *and* CLOWN, 1 E. L. H.)

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him; if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't. To him will I present them; there may be matter in it.

(*Exit*, L. H. 1 E.)

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *Sicilia. The Palace. King's Closet*, 3 G.; *table and two chairs*, C.

LEONTES, *in black, seated* R. *of table;* PAULINA, *in black, seated* L. *of table;* DION *and* CLEOMENES *standing on* R. H.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have performed
A saintlike sorrow. At the last,
Do as the heavens have done; forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself, which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom, and
Destroyed the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord.
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she, you killed,
Would be unparalleled.

Leon. I think so. Killed!
She I killed! I did so; but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.
Cleo. Not at all, good lady.
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit, and graced
Your kindness better.
Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.
Cleo. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign dame; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers-on.
Paul. There is none worthy
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfilled their secret purposes;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenor of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir,
Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant.
Leon. Good Paulina, —
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honor, — O, that ever I
Had squared me to thy counsel! — Then, even now,
I might have looked upon my queen's full eyes:
Have taken treasure from her lips, ——
Paul. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.
Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore no wife. I'll have no wife, Paulina.
Paul. I should so. Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave?
Leon. Never, Paulina; so be blessed my spirit!
Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.
Cleo. You tempt him overmuch.
Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry, give me the office
To choose you a queen, sir; but she shall be such,
As, walked your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Enter PHOCION, 1 E. R. H.

Pho. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access
To your high presence.
Leon. What with him? He comes not
Like to his father's greatness. His approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us
'Tis not a visitation framed, but forced
By need and accident. What train?
Pho. But few,
And those but mean.
Leon. His princess, say you, with him?
Pho. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.
Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honored friends,
Bring them to our embracement.
(*Exeunt* CLEOMENES *and* PHOCION, 1 E. R. H.)
Still 'tis strange
He thus should steal upon us.
Paul. (*Rises.*) Had our prince
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had paired
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.
Leon. Prithee, no more; thou know'st (1)
He dies to me again, when talked of. Sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. — They are come.

Re-enter CLEOMENES *and* PHOCION *with* FLORIZEL, PERDITA, *and six lords;* CLEOMENES *and* PHOCION *cross behind to* L. H.

Most dearly welcome, prince,
And your fair princess, goddess!
Most welcome, sir! Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him.
Flo. (R. H.) Great sir, by his command
Have I here touched Sicilia; and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend, (2)
Can send his brother, whom he loves
More than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.
Leon. (C.) O, my brother,
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee, stir
Afresh within me. Welcome hither,

As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Exposed this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least, ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains; much less
The adventure of her person?
Flo. Good, my lord,
She came from Libya. (*Passing* PERDITA *and* LEONTES.)
Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble, honored lord, is feared and loved?
Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaimed his, parting with her. My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismissed;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety,
Here, where we are.
Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have looked on,
Such goodly things as you? (*Trumpet sounds without*, R. H.)

Enter ARCHIDAMUS *and six attendants*, 1 E. R. H.

Arch. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me;
Desires you to attach his son; who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.
Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.
Arch. Here in the city; I now come from him.
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hastening, (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.
Flo. Camillo has betrayed me
Whose honor, and whose honesty, till now
Endured all weathers.
Arch. Lay't so to his charge;
He's with the king your father.
Leon. Who? Camillo?
Arch. Camillo, sir, who now
Has these poor men in question. (3)
Per. O, my poor father! —
The Heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.
Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first.
Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king.
Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.
Leon. That once I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth (4) as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.
Flo. (*To* PERDITA.) Dear, look up.
Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. — 'Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you owed no more to time
Than I do now. With thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request.
My father will grant precious things as trifles.
Leon. (C.) Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.
Paul. (L. C.) Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't. Not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.
Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made. — But your petition (*to* FLORIZEL.)
Is yet unanswered; I will to your father;
Your honor not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am a friend to them and you; upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make. (*Crosses to* R. H., *turns, and looks inquiringly at* PERDITA.) Come, good my lord.
(*Trumpet*, R. H. *Exeunt*, 1 E. R. H., PAULINA, LEONTES, PHOCION, FLORIZEL, CLEOMENES, PERDITA, ARCHIDAMUS, *and attendants.*)

SCENE II. — *Sicilia. A Square before the Palace.* 1 G.

Enter PHOCION *and* DION, 1 E. R. H.

Dion. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?
Pho. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it; whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought, I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.
Dion. I would most gladly know the issue of it.
Pho. I make a broken delivery of the business. — But the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration. There was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture.

Enter THASIUS, 1 E. L. H.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more. The news.

Thas. Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found; such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter CLEOMENES, 1 E. R. H.

How goes it now, sir? This news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion. Has the king found his heir?

Cleo. Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance. The mantle of Queen Hermione; her jewel about the neck of it; the letters of Antigonus, found with it; the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother, — and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings? (*Crosses* C.)

Dion. No.

Cleo. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favor. (5) Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *O thy mother! thy mother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping (6) her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit of many king's reigns. (7) I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

Pho. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

Cleo. Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear; this avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his, that Paulina knows.

Thas. What became of his bark and his followers?

Cleo. Wrecked the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd; so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled. She lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

Pho. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

Cleo. One of the prettiest touches of all, was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confessed and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolor to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears; for I am sure my heart wept blood.

Dion. Are they returned to the court?

Cleo. No; the princess, hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina, — a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano. Thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone.

Pho. For she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed (8) house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

Cleo. Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? Every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born; our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

(*Exeunt* CLEOMENES, DION, PHOCION, THASIUS, 1 E. L. H.)

Enter SHEPHERD *and* CLOWN, 1 E. R. H.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, 1 E. L. H.

Clo. (*Meeting* AUTOLYCUS, L. H.) You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? Say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born; you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have; — but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings called my father brother; and then the prince my brother, and the princess my sister, called my father, father; and so we wept; and there was the first gentlemanlike tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince, my master.

Shep. 'Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand. (AUTOLYCUS *offers his hand; the* CLOWN *rejects it.*) Hast nothing in it? Am I not a courtier? I must be gently considered. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? Has not my gait in it the measure of the court? (*Imitates* AUTOLYCUS' *action and manner, as in Act IV.*)

Aut. Here is what gold I have, sir. (*Gives purse.*)

Clo. Well, I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins (9) say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend. — And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall (10) fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it. (*Trumpet sounds*, L. H.) Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us; we'll be thy good masters. (11)

Aut. (*Aside.*) O, sweet sir!
I have bribed him with his own money.

(*Exeunt* CLOWN, SHEPHERD, *and* AUTOLYCUS, 1 E. L. H.)

SCENE III. — *Peristyle of the Palace*, 4 *and* 5 G. *An arch*, C., *with scarlet curtains down, back of which is pedestal and statue of* HERMIONE; *flourish;* POLIXENES, CAMILLO, PAULINA, LEONTES, PERDITA, FLORIZEL, ARCHIDAMUS, PHOCION, THASIUS, DION, EMILIA, LAMIA, CLEOMENES, HERO, *lords and ladies of the court.*

SITUATIONS.

Arch, 4 G.

CLEOMENES. LORDS. LORDS.

PHOCION. HERO. LADIES. LADIES.

EMILIA. DION. THASIUS.

LAMIA. ARCHIDAMUS. CAMILLO.

PAULINA. LEONTES.

FLORIZEL. PERDITA. POLIXENES.

R. H. L. H.

Paul. (R. C.) What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well. All my services,
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsafed,
With your crowned brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leon. (L. C.) O, Paulina,
We honor you with trouble. But we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we passed through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not

That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.
Paul. As she lived peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you looked upon. Prepare
To see the life as lively mocked, as ever
Still sleep mocked death. Behold; and say, 'tis well.
(*Undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.*)
I like your silence; it the more shows off
Your wonder. But yet speak; — first, you, my liege,
Comes it not something near?
Leon. (*In amazement.*) Her natural posture! —
Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione; or, rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, when first I wooed her!
I am ashamed. O royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty; which has
My evils conjured to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.
Per. And give me leave, (*advancing* C., *and kneels,*)
And do not say, 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.
(FLORIZEL *raises her, and passes her to* R. H.)
Leon. O, master-piece of art! Nature's deceived
By thy perfection, and at every look
My penitence is all afloat again.
Paul. O patience;
The statue is but newly fixed; the color's
Not dry.
Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on;
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry; scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But killed itself much sooner.
Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.
Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought (12) you, (for the stone is mine,)
I'd not have showed it. (13)
Leon. Do not draw the curtain.
Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't; lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.
Leon. Let be, let be.
'Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already —
What was he that did make it? — See, my lord,

Would you not deem, it breathed? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?
Paul. I'll draw the curtain.
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon it lives. (*Going up, c.*)
Leon. O, sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.
Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirred you; but
I could afflict you further.
Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. — Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her. What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.
Paul. Good my lord, forbear.
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it. Shall I draw the curtain?
Leon. No, not these twenty years.
Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.
Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand; but then you'll think
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked powers.
Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to speak,
I am content to hear, for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.
Paul. It is required,
You do awake your faith. Then, all stand still,
Or those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.
Leon. Proceed;
No foot shall stir.
Paul. Music; awake her: strike.
(*Music, very piano through dialogue.*)
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come:
(HERMIONE *turns towards* LEONTES.)
Leon. Heavenly powers! (HERMIONE *descends from the pedestal.*)
Paul. (R. C.) Start not; her actions shall be as holy as,
You hear, my spell is lawful; nay, present your hand.
Leon. (L. C.) Support me, Heaven!
If this be more than visionary bliss,
My reason cannot hold my queen, my wife.

But speak to me, and turn me wild with transport.
I cannot hold me longer from those arms.
She is warm — she lives! (*Embracing* HERMIONE.)
Her beating heart meets mine, and fluttering owns
Its long lost half: these tears, that choke her voice,
Are hot and moist — it is Hermione!
O, she's warm! (*Embracing her.*)
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.
Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.
Pol. O, make it manifest where she has lived,
Or, how stolen from the dead.
Paul. Mark a little while —
Please you to interpose, fair madam; (*To* PERDITA) kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing. — Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.
(*Music ceases. Presenting* PERDITA, HERMIONE *catches her in her arms.*)
Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head. —
My lord, my king — thus distance in those names —
My husband!
Leon. O, my Hermione! have I deserved
That tender name? Be witness, holy powers,
If penitence may cleanse the soul from guilt,
Leontes' tears have washed his crimes away.
If thanks unfeign'd be all that you require,
Most bounteous gods, for happiness like mine,
Read in my heart, your mercy's not in vain!
Her. No more my best lov'd lord; be all that's passed
Buried in this enfolding, and forgiven.
Leon. Thou matchless saint! — thou paragon of virtue!
Per. Thus let me bow, and kiss that honored hand.
Her. Tell me, mine own, where hast thou been preserved? where lived? how found
Thy father's court? For thou shalt hear, that I —
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being — have preserved
Myself to see the issue.
Paul. There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners (14 all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some withered bough; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.
Leon. No, no, Paulina;

Live blessed, with blessing others. My Polixenes —
What? Look upon my brother, (POLIXENES *advances from* L. H.;)
both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. Come, our good Camillo,
Now pay thy duty here. The worth and honesty
Are richly noted; and here justified
By us, a pair of kings. And, my best queen,
Again I give you this your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, by Heaven's directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter. — Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Performed in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissevered. Hastily lead away.

SITUATIONS.

OFFICERS. OFFICERS.

LAMIA. LORDS. LORDS. HERO. LADIES.

EMILLIA. LADIES. ARCHIDAMUS. LADIES.

PHOCION. DION. LORDS.

LADIES. THASIUS.

PAUL. FLOR. PERD. HER. LEON. POL. CLEO. CAM.

B. H. L. H.

Curtain.

NOTES TO WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I.

(1) "Royally attorneyed." Nobly supplied by substitution of embassies.

(2) i. e., over a wide, intervening space.

(3) "Physics the subject." Affords a cordial to the state; has the power of assuaging the sense of misery.

(4) *That* for *O that!* is not uncommon in old writers.

(5) *Sneaping*, nipping.

(6) i. e., to make me say, I had too good reason for my fears concerning what may happen in my absence from home.

(7) To *let* had for its synonymes to *stay* or *stop*; to *let him* there, is to stay him there. *Gests* were scrolls in which were marked the stages or places of rest in a progress or journey, especially a royal one.

(8) i. e., *in*deed, in very deed, in troth. *Good deed* is used in the same sense by the Earl of Surrey, Sir John Hayward, and Gascoigne.

(9) i. e., setting aside the original sin, bating the imposition from the offence of our first parents, we might have boldly protested our innocence.

(10) "Grace to boot;" an exclamation equivalent to *give us grace.*

(11) At entering into any contract, or plighting of troth, this clapping of hands together set the seal. Numerous instances of allusion to the custom have been adduced by the editors; one shall suffice, from the old play of Ram Alley: "Come, *clap hands*, a match." The custom is not yet disused in common life.

(12) —— "from bounty, fertile bosom." Malone thinks that a letter has been omitted, and that we should read, "—— from bounty's fertile bosom."

(13) "*Bawcock.*" A burlesque word of endearment supposed to be derived from *beau-coq*, or boy-cock. It occurs again in Twelfth Night, and in King Henry V., and in both places is coupled with chuck or chick. It is said that *bra'cock* is still used in Scotland.

(14) Still playing with her fingers as a girl playing on the virginals. Virginals were stringed instruments played with keys like a spinnet, which they resembled in all respects but in shape, spinnets being nearly triangular, and virginals of an oblong square shape like a small piano-forte.

(15) Thou wantest a rough *head*, and the budding horns that I have. A *pash* in some places denoting a young bull calf whose horns are springing; a *mad pash*, a mad-brained boy.

(16) i. e., entirely.

(17) *Welkin* is *blue*; i. e., the color of the welkin or sky.

(18) In King Henry VI., Part I., we have —

"God knows thou art a *collop* of my flesh."

(19) i. e., an immature pea-pod.

(20) "Will you take eggs for money?" A proverbial phrase for "Will you suffer yourself to be cajoled or imposed upon?"

(21) i. e., may happiness be his *portion!*

(22) Heir apparent, next claimant.

(23) i. e., mouth.

(24) i. e., a *horned* one.

(25) "It still came home," a nautical term, meaning, "the anchor would not take hold."

(26) The more you requested him to stay, the more urgent he represented that business to be which summoned him away.

(27) Not Polixenes and Hermione, but casual observers.

(28) To *round* in the ear was to tell secretly, to whisper.

(29) *A so-forth*, a phrase apparently employed to avoid the utterance of an opprobrious one. *So, so*, is sometimes used in a similar manner.

(30) i. e., taste it.

(31) *Messes* is here put for *degrees, conditions.*

(32) To *hox* is to hamstring: the proper word is to *hough.*

(33) Leontes means to say, "Have you not thought that my wife is slippery? (for cogitation resides not in the man that does not think *my wife is slippery.*" The four latter words, though disjoined from the word *think* by the necessity of a parenthesis, are evidently to be connected in construction with it.

(34) The *pin and web* is the *cataract* in an early stage.

(35) i. e., one hour.

(36) The old copy reads, "*her* medal."

(37) "Bespice a cup." So in Chapman's translation of the tenth book of the Odyssey: —

"—— with a festival
She 'll first receive thee; but will *spice* thy bread
With flowery *poisons.*"

(38) *Rash* is *hasty;* as in King Henry IV., Part II., "*rash* gunpowder." *Maliciously* is *malignantly,* with effects *openly hurtful.*

(39) Make that, i. e., Hermione's disloyalty, which is a clear point, a subject of doubt, and go rot! Dost think I am such a fool as to torment myself, and bring disgrace on me and my child, without sufficient grounds?

(40) Something is necessary to complete the verse. Hanmer reads: —

"Is goads *and* thorns, nettles *and* tails of wasps."

(41) To blench is to *start off,* to shrink.

(42) "I am appointed *him* to murder you;" I am the person appointed to murder you.

(43) i. e., to screw or move you to it. A *vice,* in Shakspeare's time, meant any kind of winding screw. The *vice* of a clock was a common expression.

(44) That is, Judas.

(45) "Swear his thought over." The meaning apparently is, "*Over-swear* his thought by."

(46) i. e., I will *place* thee in elevated rank, always near to my own in dignity, or near my person.

ACT II.

(1) i. e., judgment.

(2) That is, O that my knowledge were less!

(3) i. e., "a thing *pinched* out of clouts; a puppet for them to move and actuate as they please."

(4) *Federary,* confederate, accomplice.

(5) i. e., no foundation can be trusted.

(6) He who shall speak for her, is remotely guilty in merely speaking.

(7) I see and feel *my disgrace,* as you, Antigonus, *now* feel my doing this *to you,* and *as you now see* the instruments that feel, i. e., *my fingers.* Leontes must here be supposed to touch or lay hold of Antigonus.

(8) i. e., of abilities more than sufficient.

(9) *Lunes.* This word has not been found in any other English writer; but it is used in old French for *frenzy, lunacy, folly.* A similar expression occurs in The Revenger's Tragedy, 1608.

(10) *Blank* and *level* mean *mark* and *aim,* or *direction.* They are terms of gunnery.

(11) *Free,* i. e., as here used, *pure, chaste.*

(12) The old copy has *professes.*

(13) "In *comforting* your *evils.*" To *comfort,* in old language, is *to aid, to encourage. Evils* here mean *wicked courses.*

(14) i. e., the *weakest,* or *least warlike.*

(15) "A *mankind* witch." In Junius's Nomenclator, by Abraham Fleming, 1585, *Virago* is interpreted "A manly woman, or a *mankind* woman." Johnson asserts that the phrase is still used in the midland counties for a woman violent, ferocious, and mischievous.

(16) i. e., hen-pecked. To *tire* in falconry is to *tear* with the beak. *Partlet* is the name of the hen in the old story of Renard the Fox.

(17) A *crone* was originally a toothless *old ewe;* and thence became a term of contempt for an *old woman.*

(18) *Forced* is false; uttered with violence to truth. *Baseness* for *bastardy;* we still say *base born.*

(19) "*No yellow,*" the color of jealousy.

(20) *Lozel*, a worthless fellow: one lost to all goodness — from the Saxon *losian*, to perish, to be lost. *Lorel*, *losel*, *losliche*, are all of the same family.

(21) Leontes must mean the beard of Antigonus, which he may be supposed to touch. He himself tells us that twenty-three years ago he was unbreeched; of course his age must be under thirty, and his own beard would hardly be gray.

(22) i. e., *commit* it to some place as a stranger. To *commend* is to *commit*, according to the old dictionaries.

(23) i. e., the favor of Heaven.

(24) i. e., to exposure, or to be lost or dropped.

ACT III.

(1) Own, possess.

(2) *Encounter so uncurrent* is *unallowed* or *unlawful meeting.* — *Strained* means *swerved* or gone astray from the line of duty. The explanations of this passage are not very satisfactory. It appears to be designed as a question.

(3) It is to be observed that originally, in our language, two negatives did not *affirm*, but only strengthen the negation. In this passage, Johnson observes, that, according to the present use of words, *less* should be *more*, or *wanted* should be *had.*

(4) i. e., they who have done like you.

(5) Bugbear.

(6) "Starred most unluckily;" ill-starred, born under an inauspicious planet.

(7) *Strength of limit*, i. e., the degree of strength which it is customary to acquire before women are suffered to go abroad after child-bearing.

(8) The *completeness* of my misery.

(9) This is almost literally from Greene's novel.

(10) i. e., of the event of the queen's trial. We still say, he *sped* well or ill.

(11) *Certain* is not in the first folio; it was supplied by the editor of the second.

(12) i. e., well assured.

(13) i. e., *description.* The writing afterward discovered with Perdita.

(14) "A savage clamor." This clamor was the cry of the dogs and hunters; then seeing the bear, he cries, *This is the chase*, i. e., the *animal pursued.*

(15) This is from the novel. It is there said to be "*sea ivie*, on which they do greatly feed."

(16) i. e., *swallowed it*, as our ancient topers swallowed flap-dragons.

(17) A *bearing-cloth* is the mantle of fine cloth in which a child was carried to be baptized.

(18) The old copies read *mad.* The emendation is Theobald's.

(19) i. e., nearest.

(20) *Curst* here signifies *mischievous.*

ACT IV.

(1) i. e., approve.

(2) Autolycus was the son of Mercury, and as famous for all the arts of fraud and thievery as his father.

(3) i. e., the red, the *spring* blood now *reigns over* the *parts* lately under the *dominion of winter.* A *pale* was a division, a place set apart from another, as the English *pale*, the *pale* of the church. The words *pale* and *red* were used for the sake of the antithesis. The *glow* of spring reigns over the *paleness* of winter.

(4) A *puggard* was a cant name for some kind of thief.

(5) *Aunt* was a cant word for a *bawd* or *trull.*

(6) i. e., rich velvet, so called.

(7) Autolycus means that his practice was *to steal* sheets; leaving the smaller linen to be carried away by the kites, who will sometimes carry it off to line their nests.

(8) The *silly cheat* is one of the slang terms belonging to *cony-catching* or *thievery.* It is supposed to have meant *picking of pockets.*

(9) Every eleven sheep will produce a tod or twenty-eight pounds of wool. The price of a tod of wool was about 20 or 22*s.* in 1581.

(10) *Counters* were circular pieces of base metal, anciently used by the illiterate to adjust their reckonings.

(11) Dame Quickly, speaking of Falstaff, says, "The king hath *killed his heart.*"

(12) "*Trol-my-dames.*" The old English title of this game was *pigeon-holes;* as the arches in the board through which the balls are to be rolled resemble the cavities made for pigeons in a dove-house.

(13) "*Abide,*" only sojourn, or dwell for a time.

(14) "He compassed a motion," &c.; he obtained a puppet-show, &c.

(15) *Prig*, another cant phrase for the order of thieves.

(16) i. e., dismissed from the society of rogues.

(17) *To hent* the stile is to *take* the stile. It comes from the Saxon *hentan.*

(18) *The gracious mark of the land* is *the object of all men's notice and expectation.*

(19) i. e., far-fetched, not arising from present objects.

(20) "Some call it *sponsus solis*, the spowse of the sunne, because it sleeps and is awakened with him." — *Lupton's Notable Things*, book vi.

(21) Perhaps the true explanation of this passage may be deduced from the subjoined verses in the original edition of Milton's Lycidas, which he subsequently omitted, and altered the epithet *unwedded* to *forsaken* in the preceding line.

> "Bring the rathe primrose that unwedded dies,
> *Coloring the pale cheek of unenjoyed love.*"

(22) A kind of tape.

(23) A kind of ferret or worsted lace.

(24) A *tawdry lace* was a sort of necklace worn by country wenches.

(25) Sweet, or perfumed gloves, are often mentioned by Shakspeare; they were very much esteemed, and a frequent present in the Poet's time.

(26) Satyrs.

(27) Foot rule (*esquierre*, Fr.)

(28) This is an answer to something which the shepherd is supposed to have said to Polixenes during the dance.

(29) Bought, trafficked.

(30) i. e., *sifted.*

(31) *Fancy* here means *love*, as in other places already pointed out.

(32) "*Our* need." The old copy reads *her.* The emendation is Theobald's.

(33) *Pomanders* were little balls of perfumed paste, worn in the pocket, or hung about the neck, and even sometimes suspended to the wrist. The name is derived from *pomme d'ambre.*

(34) We should probably read, "by I know *not* how much an ounce."

(35) *Fardel* is a *bundle*, a *pack* or *burden;* "a pack that a man doth bear with him in the way," says *Baret.*

(36) i. e., estate, property.

(37) The *measure*, the stately tread of courtiers.

(38) To *toze* is to pluck or draw out; as *to toze* or teize wool, *carpere lanam.* See the old dictionaries.

(39) Malone says, "Perhaps in the first of these speeches we should read, *a present*, which the old shepherd mistakes for a *pheasant.*"

(40) *Germane*, related.

(41) The hottest day foretold in the almanac.

ACT V.

(1) The old copy reads, "Pr'ythee, no more: *cease;* thou know'st," &c. Steevens made the omission of the redundant word, which he considers a mere marginal gloss or explanation of *no more.*

(2) i. e., *at amity*, as we now say.

(3) i. e., conversation.

(4) *Worth*, for descent or wealth.

(5) *Favor* here stands for *mien, feature.*
(6) i. e., embracing.
(7) Conduits or fountains were frequently representations of the human figure.
(8) i. e., remote.
(9) i. e., yeomen.
(10) i. e., a *bold, courageous* fellow.
(11) *Good masters.* It was a common petitionary phrase to ask a superior to be *good lord*, or *good master* to the supplicant.
(12) Worked, agitated.
(13) The folio reads, "*Il'd* not have showed it." In the late edition of Malone's Shakspeare it stands, "*I'll* not have showed it." But surely this is erroneous.
(14) You who by this discovery have gained what you desired.

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